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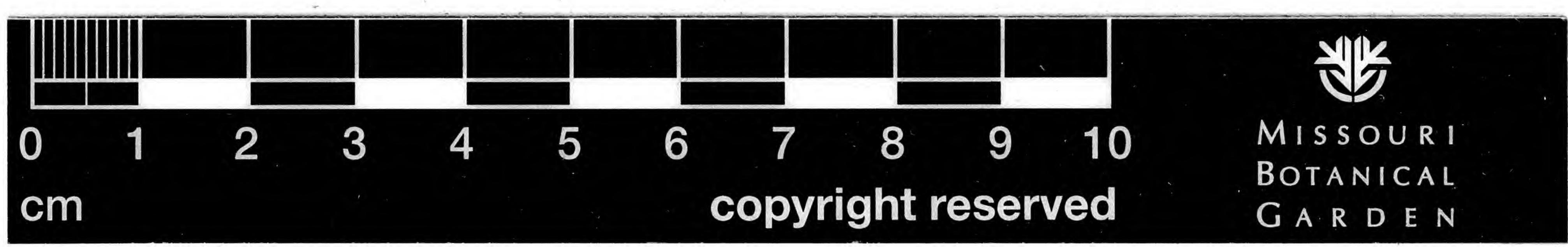
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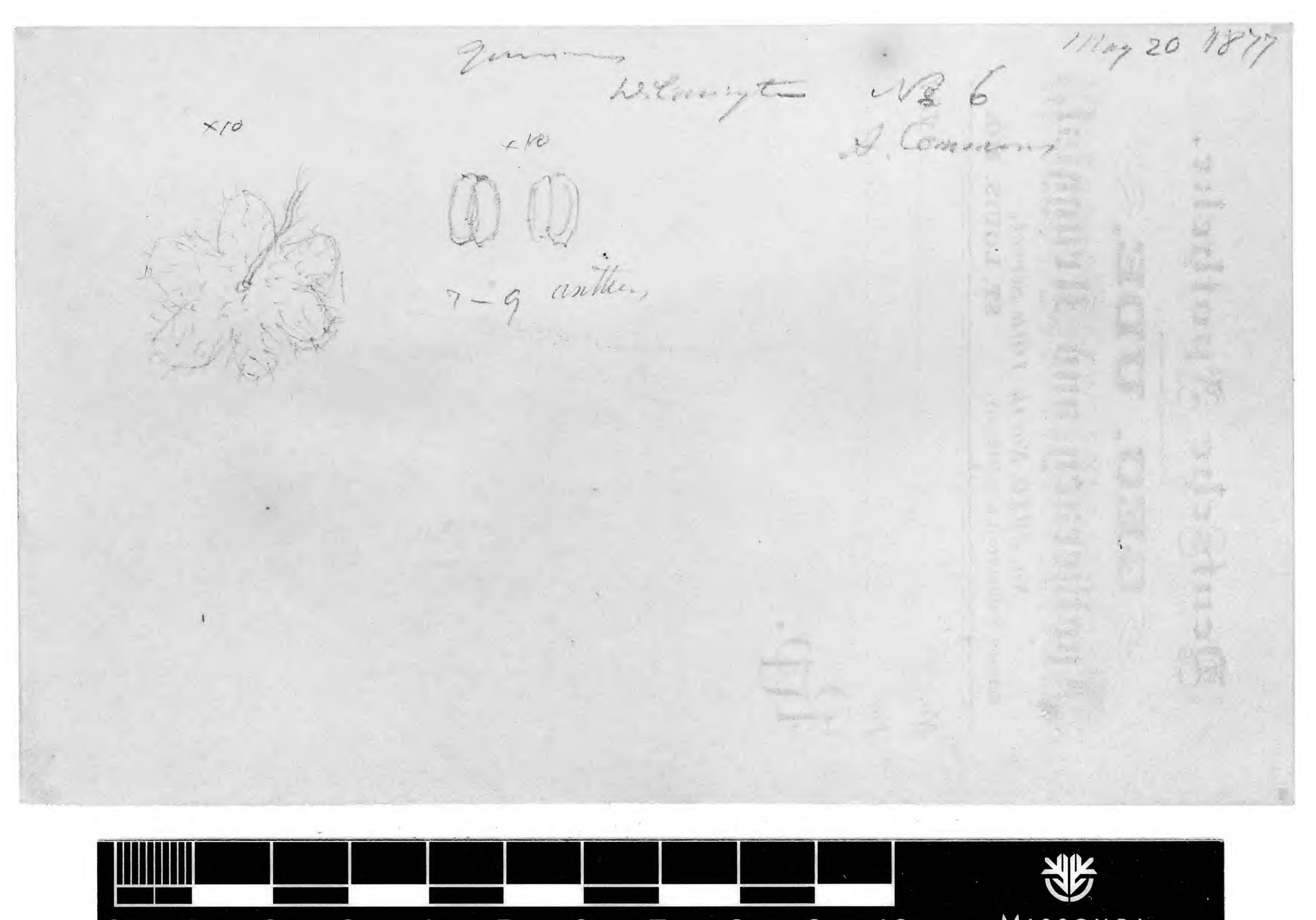
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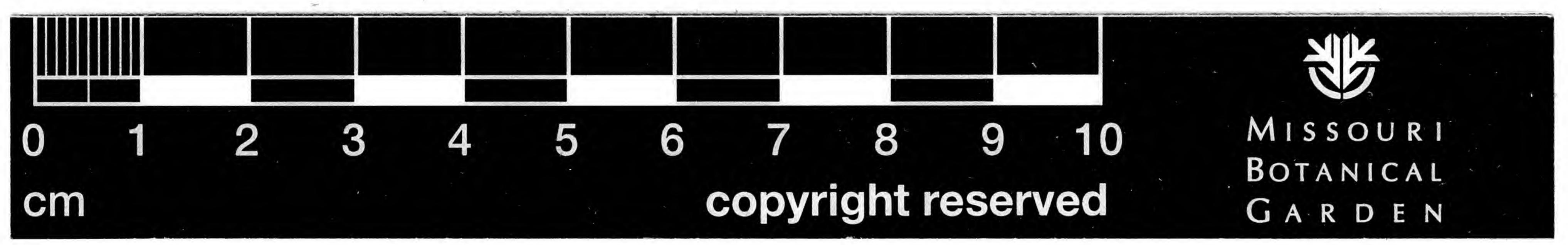
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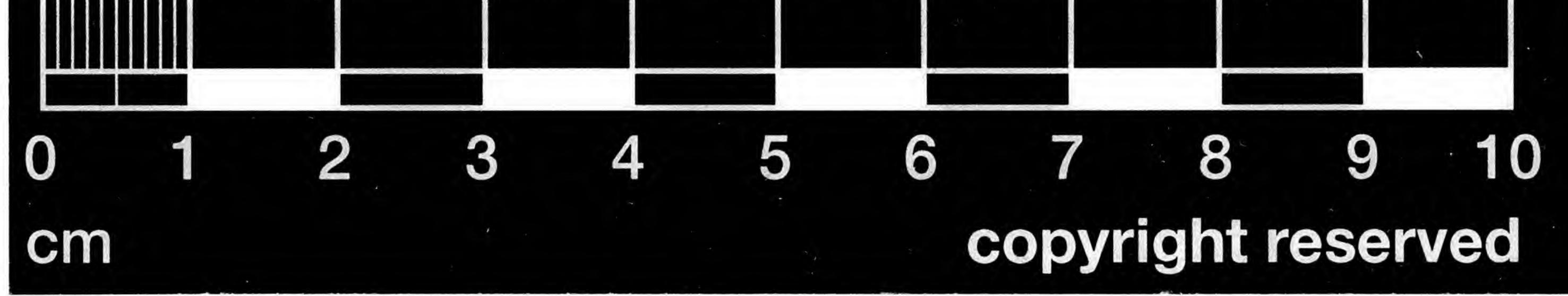
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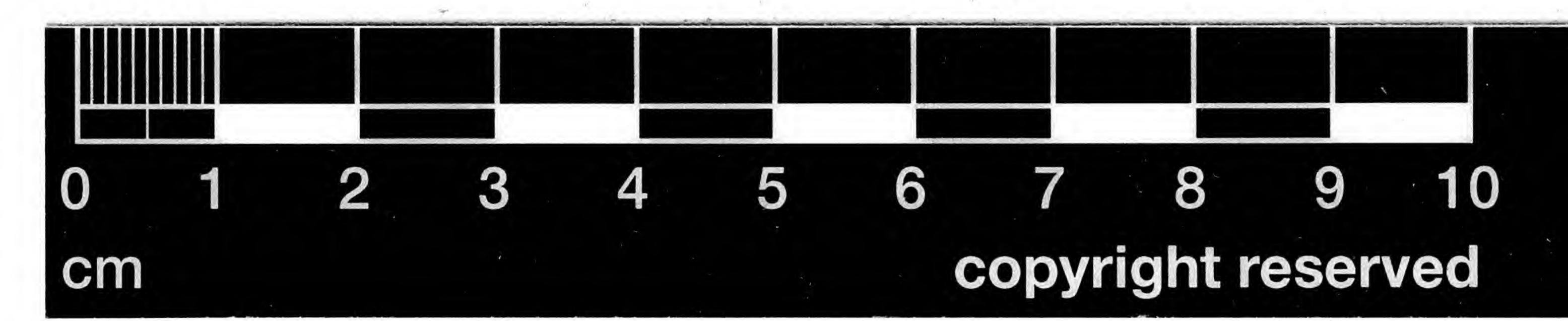
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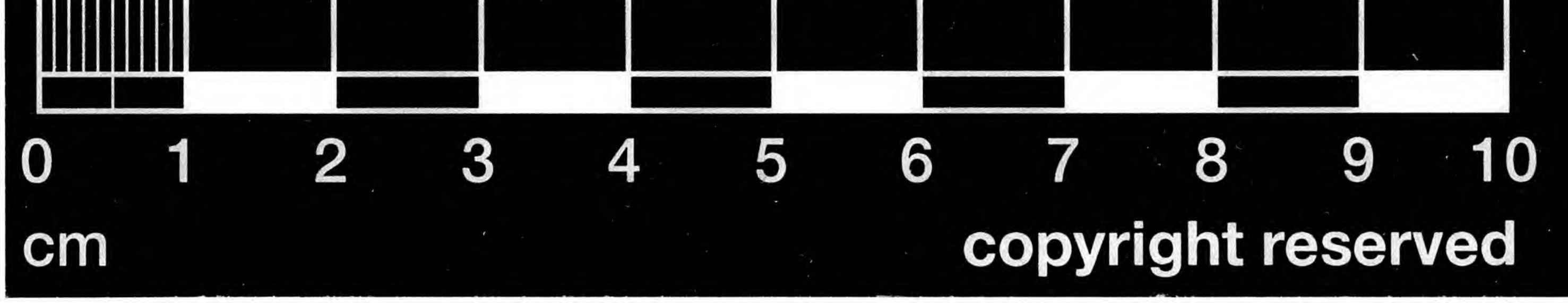
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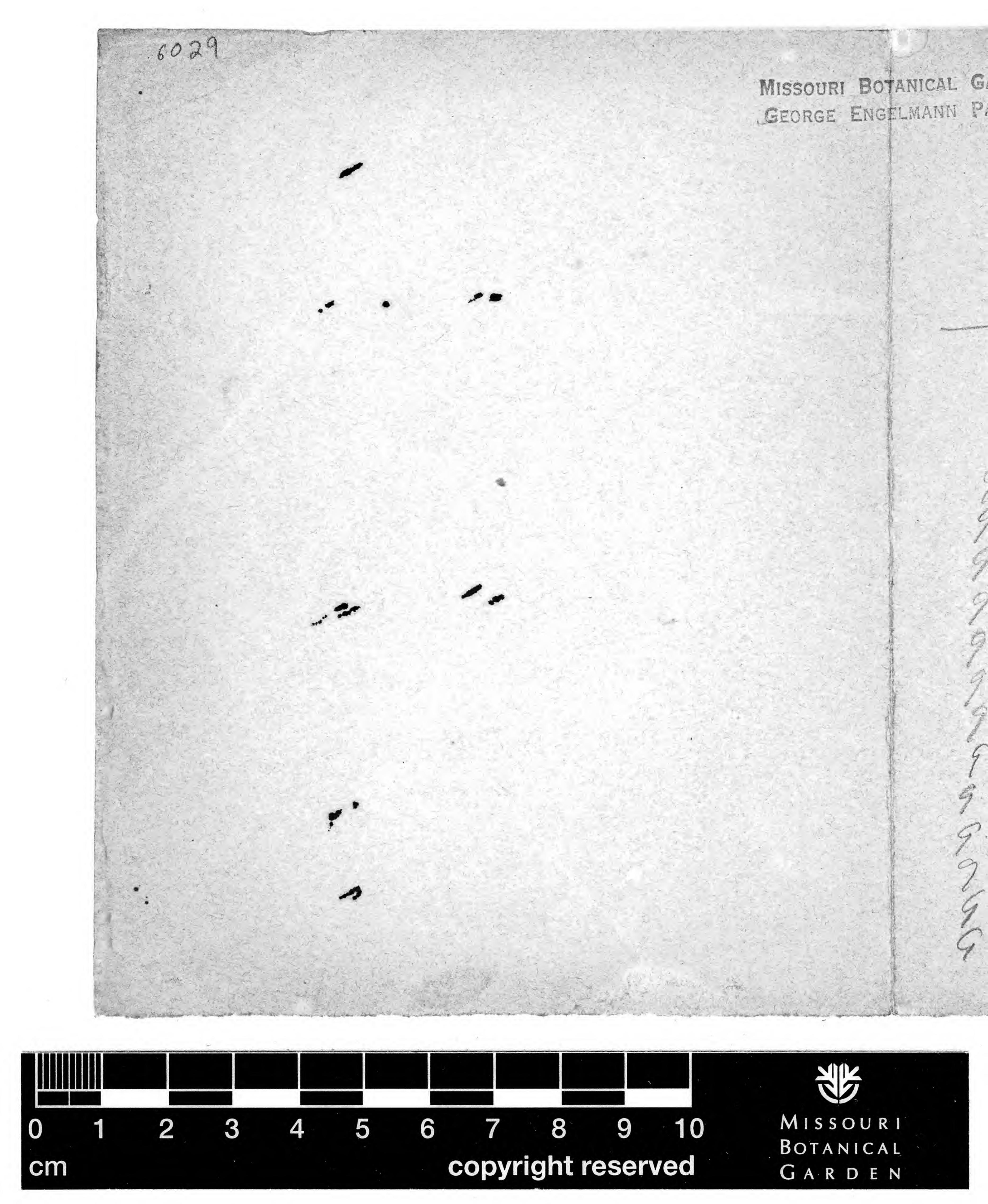
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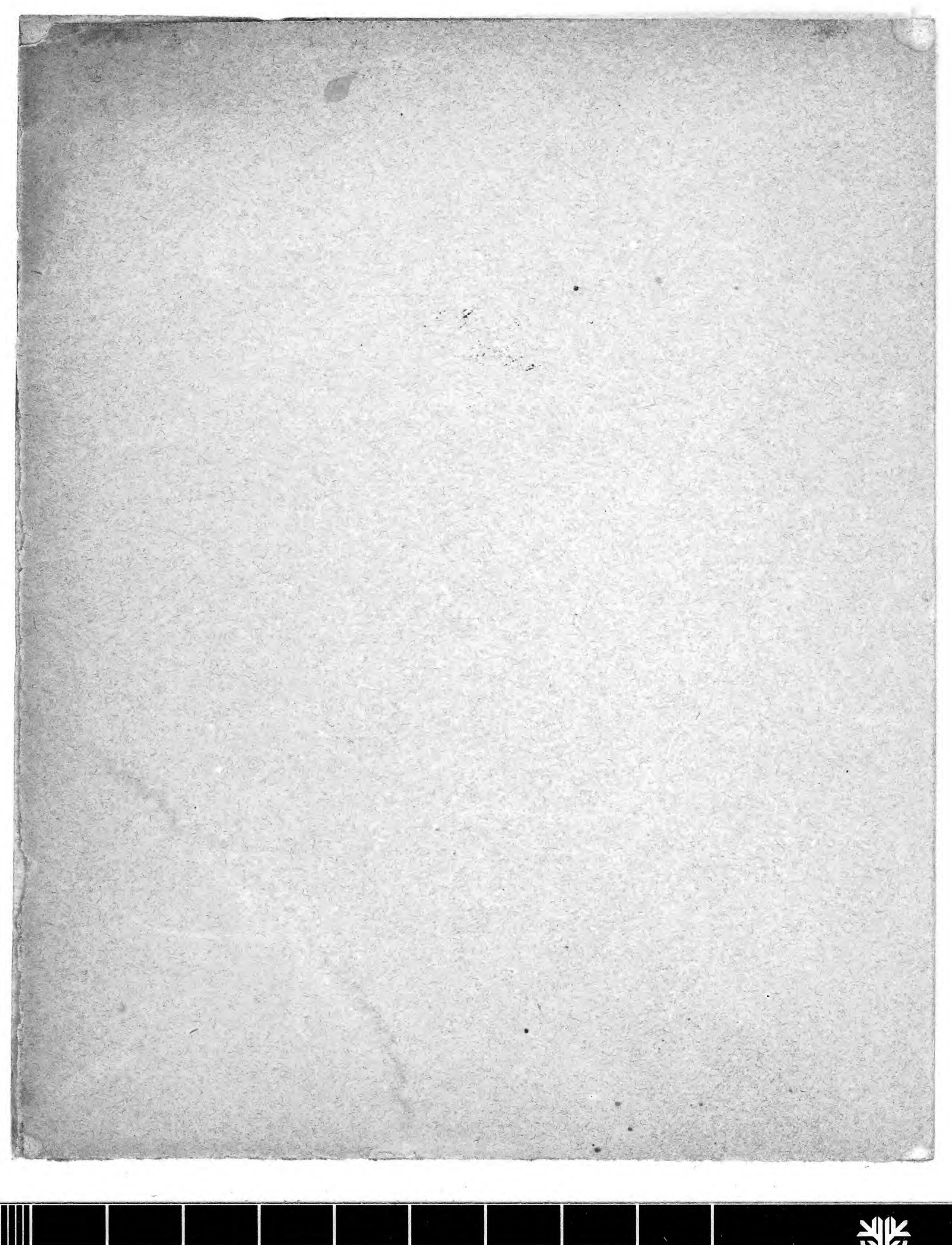




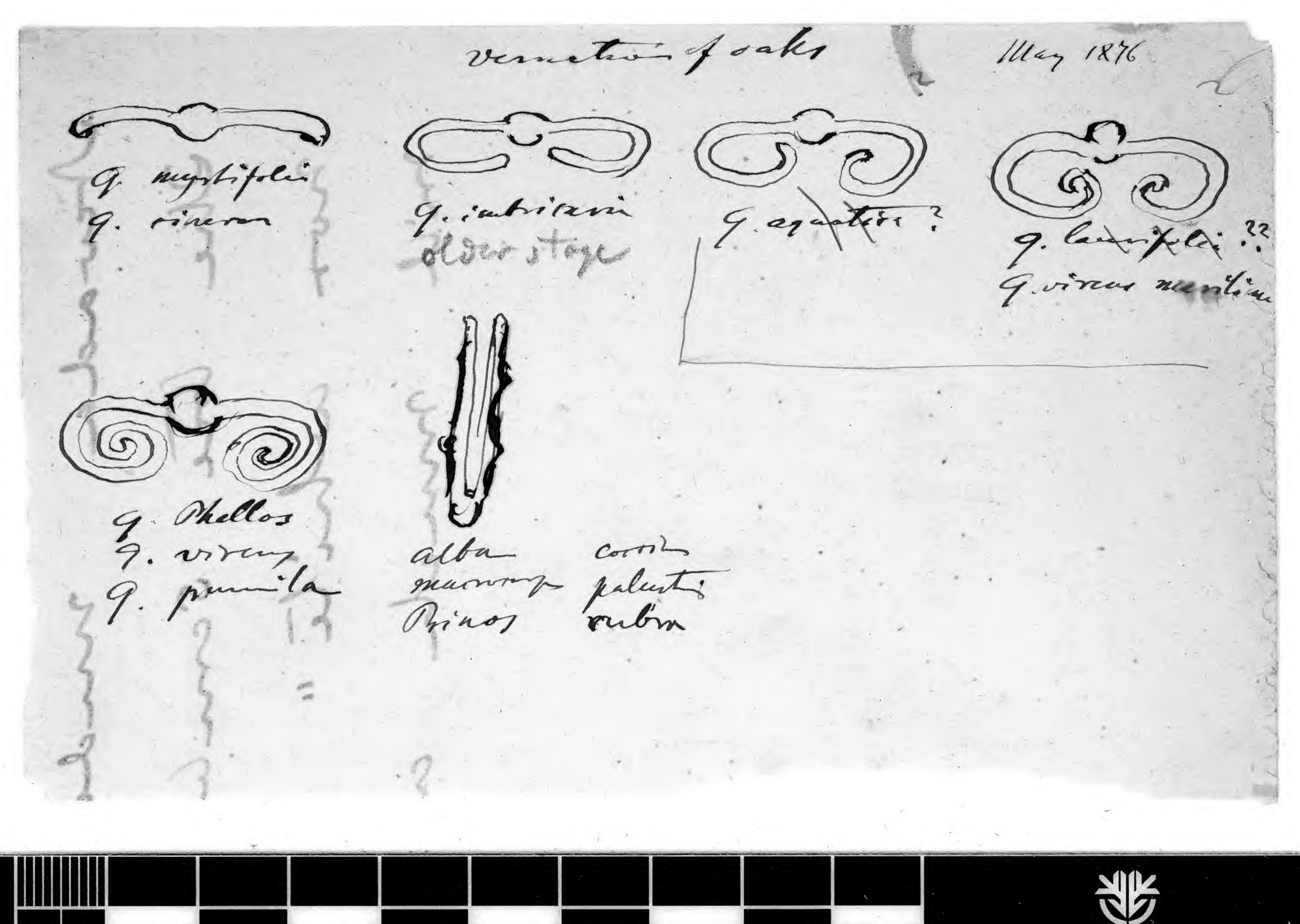


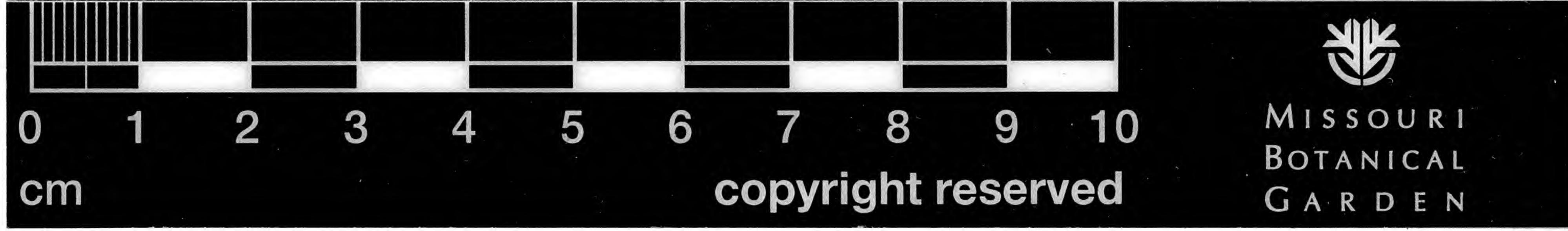
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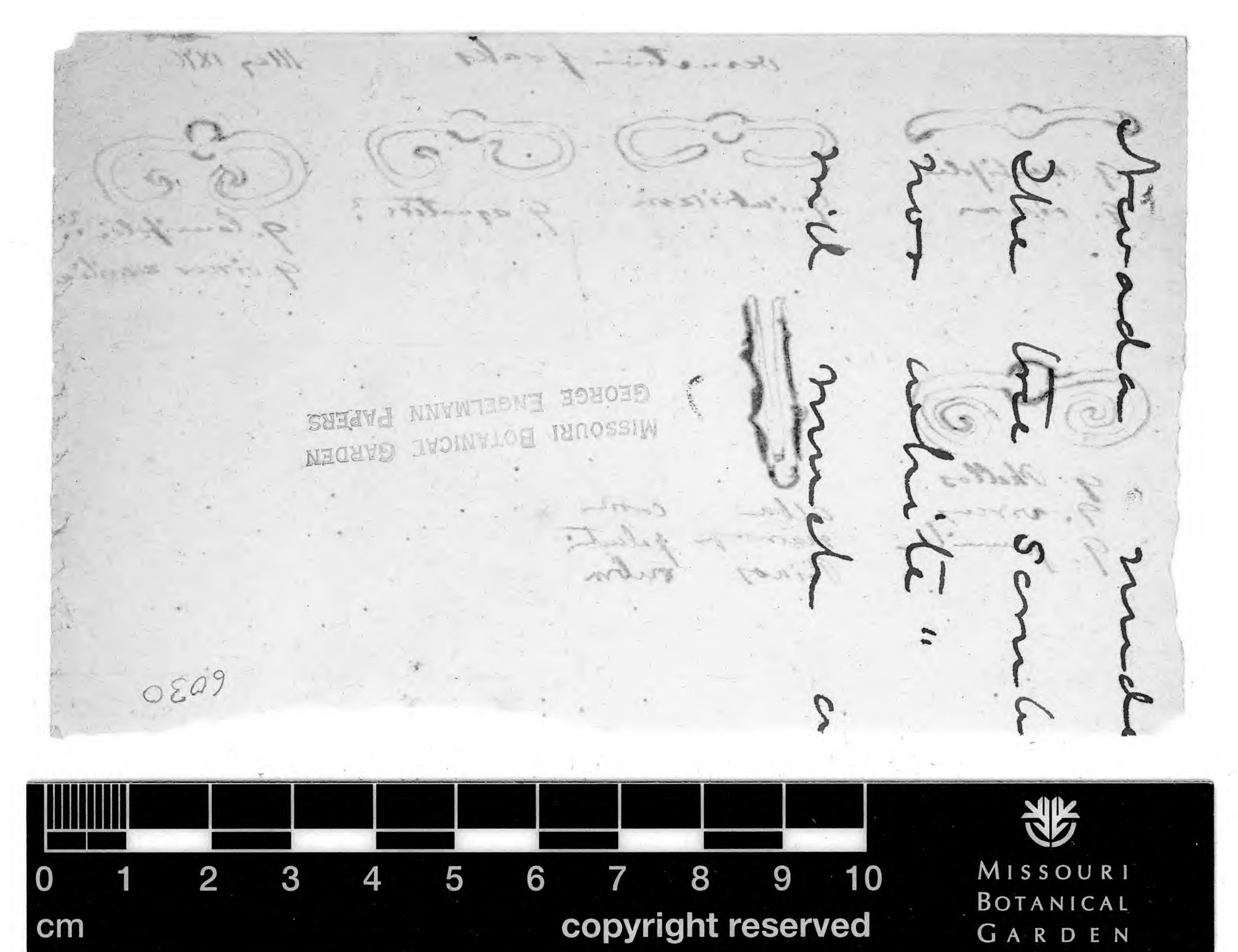
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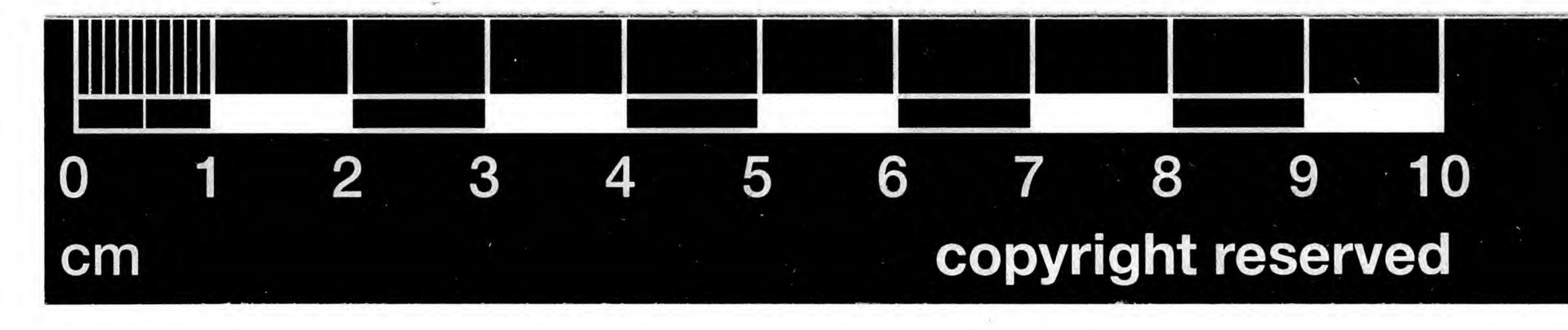


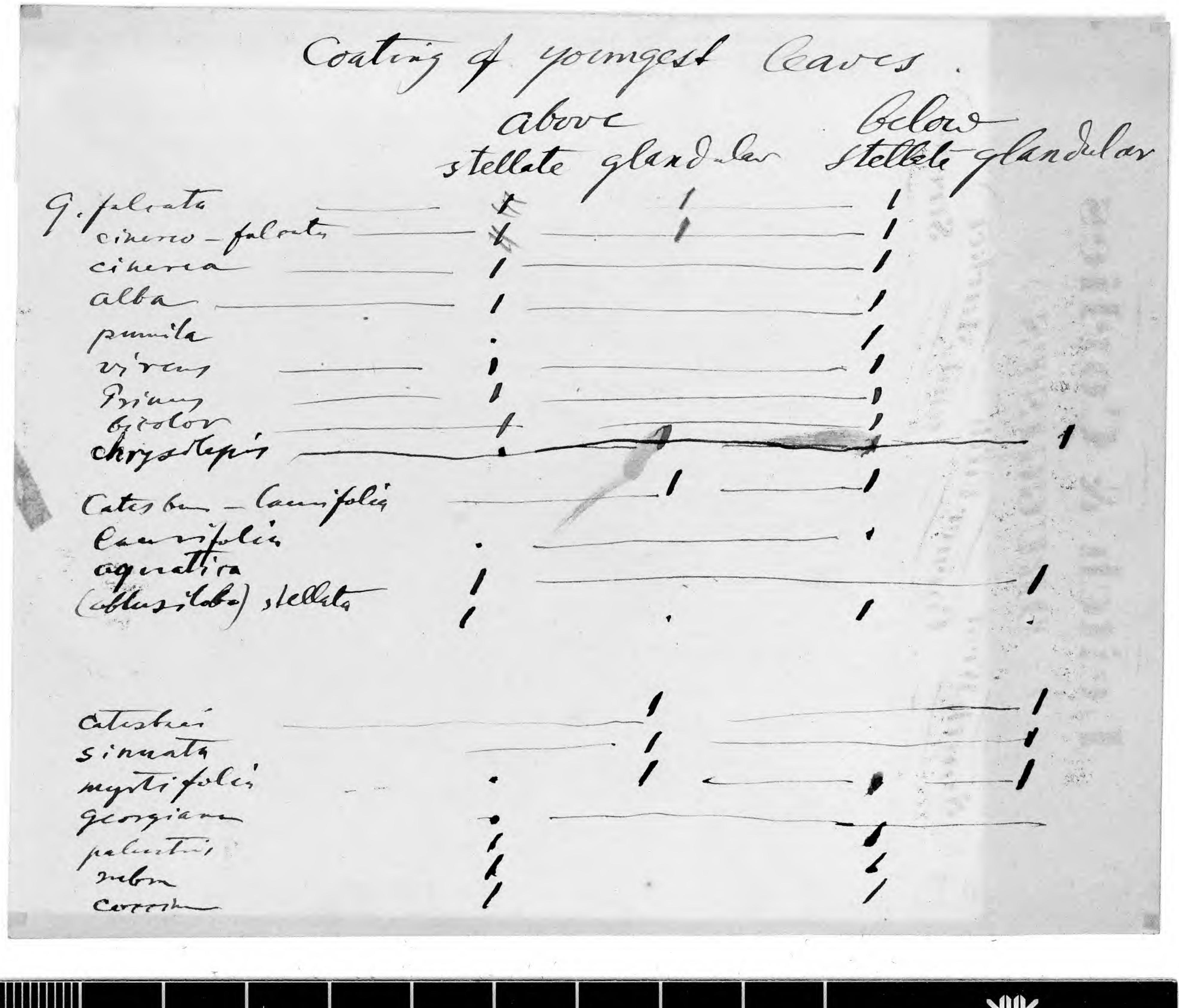


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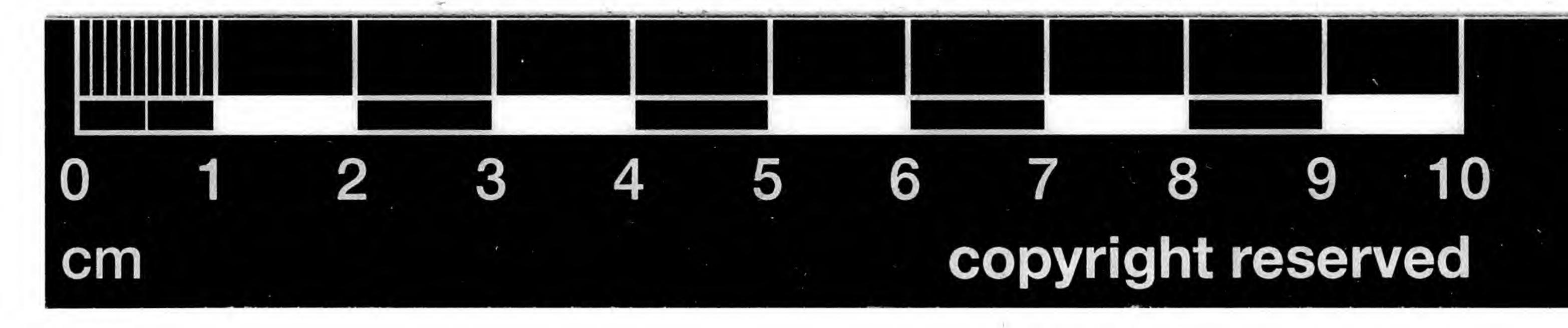






BOTANICAL GARDEN

MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN GEORGE ENGELMANN PAPERS



weakness, and resolved to "be very kind" to her still. He could be kind with perfect safety now that he was going to be married, and he had always been fond of Anne.

CHAPTER II.

Miss Parker turned out to be very like her photograph—a pretty person, with a very elaborate coiffure, and a very handsome dress; thoroughly trained in London society, full of references to dear Lady Julia and the parties at Stafford House. She asked Anne whether she was going to Lady Uppingham's that night, and told her that she understood it was to be the first of a series of parties, and wasn't it delightful? Everything was so charmingly managed at dear Lady Uppingham's. She had such taste. Now, the Hartleys had never been in the way of such supreme delight as Lady Uppingham's parties, and poor little Cinderella-Anne did not know what answer to make. Fortunately for her, a little sense of fun came in to help her while she was undergoing these interrogations—invaluable auxiliary for which those who possess it cannot be too thankful. The humor of the daughter-in-law.

society, Anne," she said, "as, of course, was to be expected in their position. What a will appreciate him. There is only one thing that troubles me."

"What is that, aunt?"

"Her health, my dear," said Mrs. Hart-

ley, solemnly shaking her head.

"Oh, her health!" said Anne, with something of the contempt of youth and strength. "What danger could there be about any one's health at twenty?"

And she paid no attention to her aunt's maunderings (as I am afraid she thought them) about the character of Miss Parker's complexion, its variableness, and delicacy of tint. Indeed, poor Anne had enough to think of without that. She had to conceal her own feelings and master her own heart. And she had to endure the affectionateness of Francis, who was more "kind" than he had ever been before, and would indeed be tender to her when he saw her alone, until, between despite and bitterness, and proud sense of injury, and a still prouder determination not to show her sufferings, Anne felt

nately, he was not often at home in the evenings, and at other times she could keep herself out of his way.

And then came the marriage, an event of which Anne was almost glad, as it ended this painful interval, and carried Francis away to another house, where he could no longer gall her by his kindness, or touch her heart by old tones and looks, such as she had loved unawares all her life. Poor Anne —she played her part so well, that no one suspected her; or rather, better still, the sisters who had suspected her decided that they had been mistaken. Mrs. Hartley had never taken any notice at all; and if any one in the house had a lingering consciousness that Anne was not quite as she was before, it was John, the second son, a very quiet fellow, who communicated his ideas to no one, and never gave to Anne herself the least reason to believe that he had found her out. After the wedding, however, when all the excitement was over, Anne fell ill. No, she was not ill, but she was pale and languid, and listless, and easily tired, and so frightened Mrs. Hartley, that she sent for the doctor, who looked wise, and ordered quinine, and hinted something about codsituation saved her. But Mrs. Hartley was | liver oil. As Mrs. Hartley, however, was much impressed by the aspect of her new able to assure him, which she did with much vivacity and some pride, that disease of the "They are evidently in the very first | lungs had never been known in her family, Anne was delivered from that terrible remedy. No, she was not ill, whatever the thing for Francis to be among people who | doctor might say. She was, as all highly strung and delicate organizations are, whom sheer "pluck" and spirit have carried through a mental or bodily fatigue which is quite beyond their powers. The moment that the heart fails, the strength goes; and when the great necessity for strain and exertion was over, Anne's heart did fail her. Life seemed to stop short somehow. It grew fade, monotonous, a seemingly endless stretch of blank routine, with no further motive for exertion in it. All was flat and blank, which a little while before had been so bright. She made no outcry against Providence, nor did she envy Miss Parker, now Mrs. Francis Hartley, or bemoan her own different fate. Anne was too sensible and too genuine for any of these theatrical expedients. She cursed nobody; she blamed nobody; but her heart failed her: it was all that could be said. Her occupations and amusements had been of the simplest kind; nothing in them at all, indeed, but the spirit and force of joyous, youthful life, with which she threw heroften as if her heart would break. Fortu- | self into everything; and now that spirit was

gone, how tedious and unmeaning they all neither a generous spirit nor those qualities seemed. of imagination and humor which keep peo-

At this dreary time, however, Anne had been known to turn evil into good in a manner wonderful to behold. She had a lover. This lover was the Rector of the parish, a good man, who was one of Mrs. Hartley's most frequent visitors, and a very eligible person indeed. Everybody felt that had it first moment, indeed, she seemed disposed to "fancy" the Rector. Here would be the change she longed for. She would escape at least from what was intolerable around her. But after a while there seized upon her reach, which was almost stronger than existence. And she dismissed, almost with course of affairs, had nothing supervened, a pleasant termination might have come to the little romance, and all would have been well.

"The Francis Hartleys" came back after a while and settled in their new house amid all the splendors of bridal finery. They fine and a very pretty bride. She was a spoiled child, accustomed to all manner of indulgences, and trained in that supreme self-regard which is of all dispositions of the mind the most inhuman, the least pardonable by others. It was not her fault, Anne would sometimes say with perhaps something of the toleration of contempt. She about her. Sometimes even this worst of all possible trainings does a generous spirit

ple often from making themselves odious or one distraction which often answers very ridiculous. She had frankly adopted the well in the circumstances, and, indeed, has pleasant doctrine of her own importance, and saw nothing that was not reasonable and natural in it. Further, the fact crept out by degrees that Mrs. Francis had a temper: undisciplined in everything, she was also undisciplined in this, and even in presence of his family would burst into little exbeen a luckless curate without a penny, it plosions of wrath against her husband, which would have been much more in Anne's way, filled the well-bred Hartleys with increduwho had not a penny herself. And prob- lous dismay. At these moments her pink bably had it been so, Letty and Susan said, | color would flush into scarlet, her bosom with justifiable vexation, Anne would have | would pant, her breath come short, and fancied him out of pure perversity. For the | circles of excitement would form round her eyes. The pretty white of her forehead and neck became stained with patches of furious red, and the pretty little creature herself blazed into a small fury out of the smooth conventional being she generally appeared. Anne a visionary disgust for the life within | That Francis soon became afraid of these ebullitions, and that Mrs. Francis was often the weariness she had felt with her actual | ill after them, was very soon evident to his family. He came more to his mother as impatience, the good man who might have | time went on, and though he did not speak made her happy. Perhaps, however, Mr. of domestic discomfort, there was a tone in Herbert was not altogether discouraged; he his voice, an under-current of bitterness in begged to be considered a friend still; he | what he said, that did not escape even less came to the house as before. He was of keen observers than Anne. She, poor girl, use to Anne, though she would not have | had managed with infinite trouble to withacknowledged it; and perhaps in the natural | draw herself from the dangerous intimacy which her cousin had tried to thrust upon her. It was better, she felt, to allow him to draw conclusions favorable to his vanity than to permit him to hold her hand, to show her a tenderness which was fatal to her, and unbecoming in him. She gained her point, though not without difficulty, and it would "went out" a great deal, and happily had be impossible to describe the mixture of not much time to devote to "old Mrs. softening compassion, sympathy, pain and Hartley," who liked that title as little as contempt, with which Anne came to regard most people do. Mrs. Francis was a very the man whom she had loved unawares all her life. Yes, even contempt—though perhaps it was not his fault, poor fellow, that he was under that contemptible sway of weakness, which even the strong have to bow to, when an ungoverned temper is conjoined with a delicate frame and precarious health. But it was his fault that he had married a woman for whom he had no real had been brought up to it; from her earliest | love, no feeling strong enough to give him years she had been the monarch of all she influence with her, or power over her; and surveyed; her comfort, the highest necessity | it was his fault that he came back and made on earth; her pleasure, the law of everybody | bitter speeches at his mother's fire-side instead of making some effort worthy of a man to get his own life in tune. These were the no harm; but poor little Mrs. Francis had reflections of an inexperienced girl, one of

